MARVEL COMICS®

SEPT #20

IT'S ALL GOOD, BABY!

DEAD®

IT'S ALL GOOD, BABY!

JUST 3 MONTHS TILL "DEAD RECKONING," BA-BEE!

SUMMER LOVIN'!

KELLY FELDER WOODS WONG

WWW.MARVEL.COM

DIRECT EDITION

D2011

7 59606 03703 2

$1.99 US $2.80 CAN

Stan Lee presents:

JUSTICE, ORDER & LUCK or...

SKINLESS DROOLER'S DAY OFF!

J. Felder/J. Kelly plot/script P. Woods/W. Wong penciler/inker
S.Blanchard/C.Sotomayor colorist/colorist R. Starkings/C.Craft letterer/letterer
Idelson/Harras editor/chief... Special Thanks to Steve Alexandrov

WEDNESDAY. A MERCENARY, HIS MATRON, AND HIS IMAGE-ALTERING HOLOGRAPHIC INDUCER...

BZZT

AL... WHY ARE YOU HERE?

Oh, GEE, DEADPOOL... LET ME SEE... COULD IT BE THAT YOU SHOVED ME THROUGH YOUR INFERNAL HOOSIE-WHATSIS ON MY WAY TO THE LOO DURING THE DAILY SHOW COMMERCIAL BREAK?

THE HIP KIDS CALL IT A BOOYSLIDE PORTAL. IT'S FOR TELEPORTING.

CALL IT ELEANOR ROOSEVELT ON A GO CART FOR ALL I CARE... IT AIN'T THE CAN, AND A CAN'S WHAT I NEED!

PUT YOUR... NEEDS ON HOLD FOR A SEC, AL... THIS IS IMPORTANT... I NEED TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE STILL WITH ME...

... WHEN I ALREADY SET YOU FREE.

BZZT

Oh... RIGHT... WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WE A.A.R.P.'ERS ARE... MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND --

LOOK, I REALLY HAVE TO DO SOME BUSINESS... IS THERE A BUSH NEARBY OR --?

BZZT

FORGOT? AL, I SET YOU FREE! YOU CAN GO WHEREVER YOU WANT, WHENEVER YOU WANT. NO STRINGS ATTACHED. NO GAMES.

Um, SURE... BUT... YOU KNOW, BEIN' THE KIDDER YOU ARE, WADE... I THOUGHT YOU WERE PULLING AN OLD BROAD'S LEG --

I WASN'T. I'M SERIOUS LIKE A HEART ATTACK AT FORTY THOUSAND FEET.

THAT LL&L GUY I TOLD YOU ABOUT... THE CALIFORNIA RAISIN WITH THE PSYCHIC POWERS? HE MADE SOME PREDICTIONS ABOUT ME...

... AND THEY'RE COMING TRUE. GOOD STUFF, AL... BIG STUFF ABOUT ME, WHERE I'M HEADING... WHO I'M BECOMING...

... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME... THE BIG BRASS RING IS AT MY FINGERTIPS. I'M ON THE VERGE OF BEING A REAL HERO, KID...

... AND HEROES DON'T KEEP BLIND LADIES IN BOOBY-TRAPPED CLOSETS AGAINST THEIR WILL.

NO... I SUPPOSE THEY DON'T...

DEADPOOL® Vol. 1, No. 28, September, 1998. (ISSN #1089-4430) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Joseph Calamari, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Shirrel Rhoades, Executive VP, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1998 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.99 per copy in the U.S. and $2.90 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $23.88; foreign $35.88; and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DEADPOOL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5337. FAX # (203) 744-2044. Printed in the U.S.A.

SO I'M TELLING YOU *AGAIN*...

HIT THE *BRICKS*. *SKIP* TOWN. *VAMOOSE*.

YOU'RE *FREE*, AL... FOR REAL.

STOP MAKING IT SO *EASY* FOR ME, YOU STUPID SCHMOE! *DO* YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* HOW *BADLY* I WANT TO *WALK* OUT OF THIS *LIFE* FOREVER?

BUT IF I *LEFT*... I COULD *NEVER* FORGIVE MYSELF.

SOME DEBTS *CAN'T* BE IGNORED. SOME *PENANCES*... THEY BURN *DEEPER* THAN OTHERS... AND THE ONE I OWE *YOU* IS A *DOOZY*...

...THOUGH *GOD HELP ME* IF YOU EVER *REALIZE* IT.

I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE, WADE. I'M STAYING.

I'M SORRY... I DON'T THINK I CAUGHT THAT LAST BIT... MUST BE ALL THE SPINAL TAP I CRANKED AT ELEVEN...

IT SOUNDED A LOT LIKE "I *DON'T WANT TO LEAVE.*"

LET'S NOT MAKE A BIG *PRODUCTION* OUT OF THIS, ALRIGHT? THE OFFER'S *TEMPTING*... I KNOW HOW FEW AND *FAR BETWEEN* YOUR BOUTS WITH *LUCIDITY* ARE...

BUT, I MEAN... LET'S JUST CHALK IT UP TO "OLD *NINNY* WITH FEAR OF LIVING ON HER *OWN*" SYNDROME, AND CALL IT A *DAY*. OKAY?

WOW... AL... I... I'M ALL *MUSTY* HERE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *SAY*.

I... I *PROMISE*... I'M GONNA DO *RIGHT* BY YOU, AL, YOU WATCH UH-OH... =SNIF= I GOTTA *JET* UP TO 11&L... I FEEL *WATER WORKS* COMIN' —

WADE?

OH, *NO*... NO YOU DON'T... *DON'T* YOU *DARE* RUIN THIS MOMENT WITH *WORDS*, YOU CRAZY *KOOKY CROTCHETY* KID.

I'LL SEE YA AROUND THE HOUSE... ROOMIE.

BUT *WADE* —? WADE... YOU STILL THERE?

WADE!?

WADE, I STILL HAVE TO USE THE CAN!

WAAAAAADE!

LATER... IN THE CORPOREAL ENHANCEMENT DIVISION OF LANDAU, LUCKMAN, AND LAKE —

Uh-Oh! LOOK! IT'S SNOOPY ON HIS DOGHOUSE COMING IN FOR A LANDING! OPEN THE HANGAR DOORS!

— WHERE THE BIG BOYS EAT ALL THEIR DIN-DIN...

...MONTY, THE AFOREMENTIONED "PSYCHIC RAISIN," GETS AS CLOSE TO NORMALCY AS HIS BIZARRE EXISTENCE ALLOWS...

AH... HOW I ENJOY THIS QUIET TIME, CHILDREN... WHEN WE CAN FOCUS ON THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF LIFE —

SPOOPY.

GRFF. AAHH.

-- UN-ENCUMBERED BY CORPORATE POLITICS... DEMANDING SUPERIORS... DIVINING THE FATE OF THE UNIVERSE.

=>SIGH<= IRONIC, ISN'T IT? THE ONLY MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN RACE I CAN EVER HOPE TO RELATE TO... AND YOU'RE BARELY COGNIZANT --

THAT DOESN'T SAY MUCH ABOUT YOUR SOCIAL SKILLS, NOW DOES IT, BINKY?

DEAR GOD! Y -- YOU -- YOU'RE AWAKE -?! YOU CAN SPEAK?!

OF COURSE I CAN SPEAK! I WAS JUST PRETENDING TO BE COMATOSE SO I COULD SCORE DISABILITY.

COURSE, =>SNICKER<= I'M HOLDING OUT FOR THE REAL SCORE...

=>YUK<= A CANOLA OIL RUBDOWN FROM THAT HOTTY MS. CULLODEN! =>BWAHH!<=

GOT YA! WHOO-HOO! YOU SHOULD SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, MONTY.

POVICH.

YOU OBDURATE, EXECRABLE, CONTEMPTIBLE CLOD! THAT WAS A HORRIBLE TRICK TO PULL!

EXECRABLE... IS THAT LIKE CON-STIPATED —?

TO THINK THAT WE WERE ACTUALLY CONCERNED ABOUT YOU HAVING GONE MISSING! YOU -- I --

I'M NOT CAPABLE OF EXPRESSING THE RAGE I'M FEELING RIGHT NOW -- PLEASE LEAVE!

OH, UNCLENCH YOURSELF BEFORE YOU POP SOMETHING, SKINNY... I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU --

I'VE HAD MY FILL OF "ORIGINAL RECIPE OR EXTRA CRISPY" JOKES FOR THIS MILLENNIUM, THANK YOU VERY MUCH --

LOOK, I'M SORRY I MADE FUN OF YOUR VEGGIE FRIENDS... BUT WILL YOU JUST LISTEN? THIS IS IMPORTANT...

REMEMBER WHEN YOU PULLED YOUR *FORTUNE COOKIE* ROUTINE IN THE *TOILET?* THOSE THINGS YOU *PROPHESIED* ABOUT ME CAME *TRUE.*

WAYYY BACK IN ISSUE 37. -- METICULOUS MATT.

OH... WELL... THEN ARE YOU SAYING... THAT YOU *BELIEVE* MY *OTHER* PREDICTIONS? THAT YOU *ARE* THE ONE WHO WILL HERALD THE NEW AGE? THE MAN WHO WILL *SPEAR-HEAD* THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE?*

BINGO. COURSE, I'M PROBABLY JUST AS DELUDED NOW AS YOU AND *CULLODEN,* BUT AFTER WHAT I'VE *BEEN* THROUGH THE LAST FEW DAYS — — IT'S *COMFORTING* TO KNOW IT ALL *PAYS OFF,* BECAUSE I GET TO DO SOMETHIN' *RIGHT*... SOMETHIN' *GOOD.*

WOW... THAT WAS... THAT WAS *BEAUTIFUL,* DEADPOOL...

I *KNEW* THAT BURIED UNDERNEATH ALL THAT... *VIOLENCE*... THERE WAS A *SENSITIVE, VULNERABLE* MAN WAITING TO BE *NOURISHED* --

SO... *THANKS,* ALREADY. Y'KNOW... FOR *SPILLING* THE *BEANS.*

SIGH YOU HAD TO GO ON AN' *BLOW* IT WITH NEW AGE *IRON JOHN HAIRY MAN HUGGIN'* BULL COOKIES, *DIDN'T* YOU?

POP

SK

MY *MONITOR* FEEDS! WHAT ARE YOU -- *WILSON!*

FIELD TRIP?!? I'M NOT GOING ON ANY --

DEAR LORD... WE'RE GOING *OUTSIDE*... I... HAVEN'T BEEN *OUTSIDE* SINCE --

HELP! *SECURITY!* I'M BEING *ABDUCTED!*

RELAX, BEANSTALK! LIKE I SAID, I'M HERE TO *THANK* YOU, NOT SPANK YOU -- YOUR *STEWART SMALLEY* RIFF NOTWITH-STANDING --

YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO THANK ME, WILSON! I -- I *ACCEPT* YOUR *GRATITUDE*... NOW PUT ME *BACK* --!

AND MISS OUT ON THE BIG *FIELD TRIP?* FOR *SHAME!*

MAN, FOR A GUY WHO SITS IN A *LAY-Z-BOY* ALL DAY SPOUTIN' *HOROSCOPES,* YOU'RE ONE *UPTIGHT* LITTLE *EIGHT-BALL.*

LUCKY YOU HAVE A PAL LIKE *ME* TO DO YOU THIS *SOLID.*

GUARDS! WHY ISN'T ANYONE *RESCUING* ME?

...

'CAUSE I KNOCKED THEM *UNCONSCIOUS,* YOU *SILLY*... STEP *LIVELY!* AND AWAYYY WE GO!

MON-MON... GON-GON.

SO, I'M THINKING, "SELF, WHERE CAN I TAKE THAT CREEPY SHUT-IN TO SHOW HIM MY APPRECIATION --?"

-- WHEN IT STRIKES ME TODAY ON THE CAN DOING THE SEARCH-A-WORD IN HILIGHTS MAGAZINE...

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO TAKE A GUY WHO CAN TELL THE FUTURE, WHOSE NAME IS MONTY...

FANTABULOUS MONTE CARLO!

HENCE, ONE BODYSLIDE LATER... BOOM! TWO DERMATOLOGICALLY CHALLENGED STUDS ARE ON THE PROWL!

GET A WHIFF OF THAT EXOTIC SPANISH AIR... SMELLS LIKE TACOS...

MONTE CARLO IS NOT IN SPAIN, YOU MORON... THIS IS THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

WHAT IS THIS... THING ON MY BODY?

SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE... A MAN IN RED JUST STOLE MY SCOOTER...

OOOH... MY HIP... THE PAIN...

IT'S YOUR DISGUISE, MAN! WE'RE IN A HOUSE OF HIGH ROLLERS, MONTY-BABY, YOU CAN'T JUST TRAIPSE IN LOOKING LIKE THREE-DAY-OLD PEKING DUCK!

TO COMPLETE YOUR COVER, FOR THE DURATION OF OUR MISSION, YOU ARE A SEAMSTRESS NAMED CONSUELA, AND I AM YOUR BENEFACTOR --

KLIK

VRRM

ARMANDO! OR CALL ME KHAN, IF YOU'RE FEELING TREKISH.

MISSION? OH GOD...

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR UNIQUE PRECOGNITION SKILLS...

MIX THEM WITH THIS ONE SHINY SILVER DOLLAR... SHAKE WELL...

...AND SPANK THIS PIGGY BANK TILL IT SQUEALS!

MOMENTS LATER...

...AND THAT'S HOW I PICK-POCKETED THIS BABY OFF OF A SMELLY LITTLE RUNT NAMED LOGAN.

IT'S BROUGHT ME LUCK... AND THE ADMIRATION OF POUTY LIPPED CASHIERS EVER SINCE.

FASCINATING.

YES, I AM. SO, SHALL WE SHAG NOW OR SHAG LATER?

JUST JOKES, BABE... NOW CASH IT ALL IN, TOOTS, POPPI FEELS LUCKY...

JUST KEEP MY SPECIAL COIN ON THE SIDE, SO I CAN BUY IT BACK LATER, WITH INTEREST --

HERE YOU ARE, SIR... DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE.

THAT'S IT?! IT... IT'S SO... SMALL! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?!

I HAVE A FEW CHOICE SUGGESTIONS, SIR... BUT I'LL LET YOU FIGURE IT OUT...

I'D IMAGINE YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH SMALL THINGS. GOOD DAY.

ALRIGHT, CONSUELA... YOU'RE ON.

TIME TO TAKE THOSE PRE-COG POWERS OF YOURS AND TURN THIS HUMBLE LITTLE CHIP INTO A FAT DONATION TO THE WADE WILSON POCKET-FILLING FUND!

Mr. WILSON! I AM A FINELY CALIBRATED PRECOGNITIAN!

WHAT YOU ARE SUGGESTING IS A PETTY AND INSULTING ABUSE OF MY GIFTS! I UTTERLY REFUSE!

LOOK, CONSUELA... YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES. HAVE FUN WITH YOUR PAL RICARDO CHEATING A CASINO OUT OF A FEW PALTRY DOLLARS...

...OR LISTEN TO ME SNAP WHATEVER PART OF YOUR SPINE HASN'T GONE MUSHY IN THAT GIMP RIG. DIG?

YOU ARE A HIDEOUS MAN.

THREE HOURS LATER.

(WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?)

(OH, IT'S THAT OBNOXIOUS LOTHARIO AGAIN! HE'S BROKEN THE BANK AT ALMOST EVERY TABLE. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LUCK!)

COME ON, BABY! PAPPA NEEDS A SHINY NEW STOCK ON HIS AK-47!

DING DING DING

(BETWEEN HIM AND MONSIEUR GEORGES, WE'LL BE LUCKY TO MAKE A PROFIT FOR THE WEEK!)

© TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH- -- MATT

YOU SEE, MY LITTLE *SMURFS*, IT'S ALL IN THE *TECHNIQUE*. FIRST, YOU *ADDRESS* THE MACHINE...

BUENOS DIAS, MACHINE —

=AHEM= *ARMANDO*, I'D TRY A *DIFFERENT* "*TECHNIQUE*," IF I WERE YOU... *THAT* MACHINE WON'T PAY UNTIL *TOMORROW* MORNING...

THANKS, *CONSUELA*, BUT YOU'RE *FORGETTING* WHO'S THE ONE WITH THE *GOLDEN TOUCH* —?

WHY YOU *INSUFFERABLE CRETIN!*

THERE IS *NO* TECHNIQUE HERE! THERE IS NO *LUCK!* I SEE THE *FUTURE* AND YOU OPERATE THE LEVER LIKE A *TRAINED MONKEY!*

UH... DON'T MIND *HIM*... HIS DIAPER'S *PINCHING* —

YOU'VE WON MORE *MONEY* IN *THREE HOURS* THAN MOST MEN SEE IN A *LIFETIME!*

PLAY THE SLOT ON THE *LEFT*, AND THEN I WANT TO GO *HOME!*

CHING

CHING

CHING

CHING

OKAY! OKAY! I'M *PULLING* ALREADY! JUST KEEP YOUR WHINING TO A LOW *ROAR*...

AND IT'S *GOOD!* YES!

MAKE ME AN *INDECENT PROPOSAL* IN A *CASINO* WITH THE *GAMBLER* ON A *VEGAS VACATION!*

I FEEL SO *FILTHY.*

HAVE YOUR *FOOTMEN* CASH OUT YOUR ILL-GOTTEN *BOOTY*, WILSON... I'LL WAIT FOR YOU IN THE *LOBBY* —

=SIGH= I GUESS WE'VE DONE ENOUGH *DAMAGE* FOR ONE —

HEY... =SNIF SNIF= DOES ANYONE SMELL *BACCARAT?*

POINT, AND WIN, *MONSIEUR GEORGES... AGAIN.*

YOU SEE, MY *DARLINGS*, THERE IS NO NEED FOR *LUCK* NOR *SKILL*... WHEN ONE WAS *BORN* TO *WIN!*

ZE *UNIVERSE ALWAYS* SMILES ON ZE *RIGHTEOUS.*

ZO... SHALL WE PUT AN *END* TO ZIS *TEDIOUSNESS*... AND RETIRE TO MY *SUITE* —?

PARDON-AY MOI, MY GOATEED FRENCH LOAF... EMPHASIS ON OAF... I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR YOUR THEORY OF A PERFECT UNIVERSE...

AND I'D LIKE TO BET MY LUCKY SILVER DOLLAR... PLUS OR MINUS A HUNDRED G'S... THAT YOU'RE FULL OF FOIS GRAS.

WILSON, I WILL NOT PLAY YOUR INSIPID GAMES ANY LONGER! DIXON IS GOING TO BE VERY ANGRY AND —

IN YOUR FANTASIES, MR. KHAN! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN HERE. THE FUTURE IS TOO CLOUDY... AND THIS SERAPE ITCHES SOMETHING FIERCE --

BE THAT WAY. I DON'T NEED HELP TO RUN A TRUCKFUL OF MONEY OVER THIS FROGGER... JUST WATCH —

UNIVERZAL THEORY DEUX... THERE'S A ZUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE... HAVE A SEAT, MONSIEUR...?

KHAN... ARMANDO KHAN. AND THIS IS MY PARTNER —

ONE HAND LATER --

GAME TO MONSIEUR GEORGES.

WHAT A ZUPRISE... ELEGANT NOBLEMAN BEATS UPSTART FOREIGNER... GOOD DAY, KHAN.

MONEY- MONEY... GONEY GONEY...

PERHAPS THIS TEACHES YOU AND YOUR MISSHAPEN FRIEND TO STICK WITH CROCHET AND TIDDLYWINKS, NO?

BOTH PROVIDENCE AND BACCARAT ARE RESERVED FOR REAL MEN... NOT INSOLENT BOORS AND ZEIR CRIPPLES!

!

STOP THE CHAIR.

MONSIEUR GEORGES... I HUMBLY BEG YOU FOR A SHOT AT REDEMPTION... CAN WE PLAY ONE MORE HAND...

FOR TWO MILLION DOLLARS?

UH... WATCHOO TALKIN' ABOUT, MONTGOMERY?

I ADMIRE YOUR FOOLISHNESS, OLD MAN... IT JUST SERVES TO PROVE MY POINT...

I'LL TAKE YOUR CHALLENGE... AND THOUGH I DON'T HAVE ZE CASH ON ME, I'LL BACK MY WAGER WITH ZIS...

ZE KEY TO MY PERSONAL SUITE... THE MOST OPULENT ROOM IN ALL OF MONTE CARLO.

I THOUGHT GAMBLING WAS A PETTY AND INSULTING ABUSE OF YOUR GIFTS...

IT IS. THIS ISN'T GAMBLING... IT'S WAR.

NO POMPOUS MISCREANT CALLS ME A CRIPPLE AND GETS AWAY WITH IT.

ASK FOR TWO CARDS... AND GET READY TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION.

AND SO...

YOU MADE A *MISTAKE.* DO THE ADDITION *AGAIN,* CUR—

THE CARDS NEVER LIE, *MONSIEUR.* POINT. GAME. KHAN—

-- AND HIS *CRIPPLE.*

SMILES EVERYONE... *SMILES!*

TATTOO! BRING ME MY *MAI-TAI* AND STOP TRYING TO LOOK UP *BARBI BENTON'S* DRESS!

AW, DON'T LOOK SO *GLUM, GEORGES!* SOMETIMES, THE *BROKEN* OL' UNIVERSE IS JUST *FUNNY* LIKE THAT... HERE --

TWNG

-- A PARTING GIFT... MY LUCKY SILVER DOLLAR... YOU EARNED IT --

-- BUT IF SOME *SMELLY MIDGET* WITH A FUNKY *QUAFF* AND BAD *MANICURE* EVER ASKS, YOU *DIDN'T* GET IT FROM *ME.*

ARROGANT *MISANTHROPE...* NO ONE *DARES* HUMILIATE ME LIKE THAT...AND *LIVE!*

SCHWAKK

SCHREE

?

WHAPP

NICE ONE, FRENCHIE...

BUT *I* CAN DO COIN *TRICKS,* TOO.

SEE? *PALMED* IT.

UNIVERSAL LAW NUMBER *THREE...* DON'T JUDGE A *CROOK* BY HIS *COVER,* EH, *GEORGIE?*

YOU WANT TO TALK *SHOP* SOMETIME, COME UP FOR A *VISIT...* WE'RE IN THE *V.I.P. SUITE.*

YOU CAN BET ON IT, *MONSIEUR... BET* ON IT.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT FUN, PLAYFUL LL&L...

IF I WASN'T UTTERLY *LIVID*, I'D ALMOST FIND THIS AMUSING.

DEADPOOL, I ASSUME?

I'M ASLEEP! LEAVE ME ALONE

Um... YES, *OVERBOSS DIXON*... SIR... SECURITY HAS A TAPE OF HIM CARRYING MONTY THROUGH AN *UNREGISTERED BODYSLIDE* —

HOW DID HE FOIL OUR SECURITY NET?

FIRE THEM. THEN FIND OUT WHERE THEIR *FAMILIES* WORK. AND GET *THEM* FIRED. THEN BURN THEIR *HOUSES* DOWN —

SIR, I REALIZE THAT YOU'RE *UPSET* — *I'M* UPSET... BUT BEFORE WE MAKE ANY *RASH* DECISIONS --

SOMEONE *MUST* BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR THIS *INFRACTION, NOAH*. WE'RE *TOO CLOSE* TO REALIZING THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE* FOR DEADPOOL TO BE RUNNING AMOK --

I *AGREE*, SIR, BUT HOW CAN WE *PUNISH* HIM? ANY *EFFECTIVE* REPARATION WOULD SURELY *THREATEN* THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE*.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT PUNISHING DEADPOOL, NOAH. HE'LL HANG HIMSELF BEFORE I EVER NEED TO DEAL WITH HIM DIRECTLY...

BUT MONTY... MONTY IS *TOO* [redacted]*PORTANT* TO BELIEVE THAT [redacted] IS *ABOVE* THE PROGRAM... THAT HE IS ANYTHING MORE THAN A PIECE OF *EQUIPMENT*.

WHAT?

WE BELIEVE HE *DRUGGED* THE GUARDS... *TRANQUILIZERS* HIDDEN IN A... UM... A BOX OF *JUNIOR MINTS*...

DEADPOOL HAS *ALREADY* TAINTED *ZOE*... I WON'T HAVE HIM RUIN OUR FORTUNE TELLER, TOO, WITH THIS LITTLE *"OUTING."*

CALL THE *SPIN DOCTORS*... TELL THEM TO SHARPEN THEIR *DRILLS* AND GET DOWN HERE... I HAVE A *JOB* FOR THEM.

THE STADIUM FALLS *QUIET* AS WILSON BREAKS INTO HIS SPRINT, *CAVALIERLY* THROWING A *KISS* TO HIS ADORING *SQUEEZE, MILLA JOVOVITCH* —

— WHO'S TURNING HEADS IN HER DIAMOND-ENCRUSTED *TEDDY* AND MATCHING *FEZ* —

WILSON HITS HIS STRIDE... *VAULTS!*

A PERFECT TEN! WILSON HAS SCORED THE GOLD MEDAL IN THE HIGH ROLLER DIVE!

TITILLATED BY THE DISPLAY OF PROWESS AND *FOOLISH* HANDLING OF MONEY, MILLA'S *SET O' LUNGS* BEGINS TO HEAVE WITH *BREATHY ANTICIPATION!*

I... I MUST BE *ILL*... I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I ACTUALLY *SWINDLED* THAT MAN OUT OF HIS *MONEY*... THIS *PALACE* —

AND IT FELT SO GOOD! IS THAT *WRONG*, WILSON? TO FEEL SO GOOD, *HURTING* SOME-ONE?

WRONG?! YOU SHOULD NEVER FEEL WRONG HURTING A GUY WHO DESERVES IT...

ESPECIALLY A PALINCHY FRENCHMAN.

THESE FEELINGS... THIS BLURRING OF MORALITY AND ETHICS... I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW YOU MUST FEEL SOMETIMES.

FOR EXAMPLE, WHO WOULDN'T THINK HIM-SELF A MONSTER AFTER THE WAY YOU WERE FORCED TO ABANDON VANESSA® OR WHAT YOU WERE TRICKED INTO DOING TO —

® AS SHOWN IN OUR FLASHBACK ISSUE. -- FLASHMATT

...

Um... W-*WILSON?*

W-WHY ARE YOU *LOOKING* AT ME LIKE THAT? I WAS JUST *SAYING* --

SHUT UP. YOU DIDN'T SAY *ANY-THING*, MONTY. I DIDN'T *HEAR* ANYTHING.

'CAUSE IF I *DID*... IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME SOUNDS THAT PASSED FOR *WORDS* WOULD ESCAPE YOUR *CRUSTY LIPS.*

WILSON —?

GET *DRESSED.* I NEED AIR. *FRESH* AIR.

YOU BEEN *STINKING* UP THE PLACE.

SOON AFTER... TWO MEN CRAWL THE STREETS OF MONTE CARLO, SILENCE AND TENSION BETWEEN THEM, UNTIL —

WILSON... IF YOU'RE GOING TO INSIST ON DRAGGING ME ALONG ON YOUR LITTLE CONSTITUTIONAL —

THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS *SPEAK* TO ME.

FINE. DRINK.

UNFORTUNATELY, UNLIKE A CERTAIN MERCENARY *PSYCHOPATH*, I CANNOT DROWN *MY* SORROWS IN THE *DEMON BREW*...

SOME OF US *REQUIRE* OUR *GREY MATTER* TO FUNCTION WITH A DEGREE OF *EFFICIENCY*. MY METABOLISM MUST BE *RIGIDLY* MAINTAINED —

"*MAINTAINED*," HUH? BOY, THOSE CATS OVER AT LL&L SURE HAVE YOU WHIPPED INTO SHAPE...

I BET YOU PUSH ON A BIG METAL *BAR* WHEN IT'S TIME FOR YOUR *PELLETS*... YOU SLEEP IN A *HABITRAIL* OR A *SHOE BOX*, LAB-RAT?

BECCA'S

WILSON, ARE YOU TREATING ME SO BADLY BECAUSE I HAVEN'T WON YOU ANY MONEY IN AN *HOUR*, OR ARE YOU JUST *EVIL*?

I BREAK YOUR *SHOES* BECAUSE I LIKE *MY SKELETONS* IN THEIR CLOSETS, AN' *MY HOUSE OF SECRETS* LOCKED *TIGHT* --

I *DON'T* LIKE PEOPLE KNOWING MY *BUSINESS*.

STOP WEARING YOUR *HEART* ON YOUR *SLEEVE*, AND PEOPLE WON'T *NOTICE*... BUT THERE'S *MORE* TO IT THAN THAT, ISN'T THERE?

YOU DON'T LIKE THAT I KNOW *MORE* ABOUT *YOU* THAN YOU DO... AND YOU'RE TOO *AFRAID* TO ASK ME WHAT I *SEE*.

...

MAYBE...

OR MAYBE I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO GOT IT GOOD, BUT WHINE AND MOAN ABOUT IT.

I HAVE IT "GOOD?"

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD, MONTY. ASIDE FROM THE *SWANK* DIGS AND ALL THE *PROTEIN* YOU CAN *SLURP* AT LL&L—

YOU CAN SEE INTO THE *FUTURE!* YOU *ALWAYS* KNOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS. YOU *ALWAYS* KNOW WHERE TO STAND WHEN THE *SAFE FALLS!*

YOU GET TO LIVE A LIFE WITHOUT *EVER* ASKING YOURSELF, *"WHAT IF?"* YOU *NEVER* HAVE TO MAKE A *WRONG DECISION.*

I WOULD *KILL* TO KNOW HOW THE "DEADPOOL SHOW" ENDS... TO SEE IF THERE WAS A BIG *PAY OFF* FOR ALL THIS WORK...

TO SEE IF I SHOULD EVEN *BOTHER.*

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS *GREENER,* ISN'T IT? MY "*GIFT,*" IF I MAY *SPIT* OUT THE WORD, DID NOT COME *CHEAP...*

EXCUSE MOI, MONSIEUR —

Oh...MON DIEU...

AIEEE!

WHAT *IS* IT! DON'T *TOUCH* IT!

...IT COST ME THE ENJOYMENT OF A *SURPRISE ENDING* TO A NOVEL... THE *ANXIETY* OF LIVING *HAND-TO-MOUTH*... THE *HEART POUND* BEFORE A *FIRST KISS...*

THE DAILY *UNKNOWNS* THAT MAKE HUMAN EXISTENCE SO PRECIOUS. PERHAPS WORSE... IS WHAT MY SIGHT HAS *GIVEN* ME —

— A CLEAR PICTURE OF MY LIFE TO [redacted] *LIFE* THAT WILL *NEVER* [redacted] NORMAL... WHERE I WILL ALWAYS BE TRAPPED IN THIS *WITHERED SHELL* OF A BODY...

DENIED [redacted] *GREATEST* [redacted]*ESIRE*... UNTIL THE DAY I *DIE.*

GUESS WHAT, WILSON? KNOWING IT ALL IN ADVANCE JUST GIVES YOU *MORE TIME* TO FEEL THE *HURT.*

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M *TELLING* YOU THIS... YOU COULDN'T *POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND* —

GET THIS STRAIGHT, YOU *SUN DRIED SNIT*... JUST BECAUSE I DON'T WATCH *"TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL"* OR SING *"KUMBAYAH"* DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T BE *SYMPATHETIC!*

IN CASE YOU WEREN'T PAYING *ATTENTION*, UNDER MY *MASK*, I LOOK LIKE A PRODUCT SHOT FOR *PIZZA HUT*... WE *BOTH* GOT SHAFTED IN THE *LOOKS* DEPARTMENT.

"HER?!"

SAY NO *MORE*, GUV'NOR! NUDGE *NUDGE*, WINK *WINK*, MONTY'S UP FOR A LITTLE *NASTY* NASTY, EH?

...*ZOE CULLODEN*. YOU GOT *GOOD TASTE*, PAL... *SMART, DRIVEN, CHILD-BEARING HIPS*...

I KNOW A *BROTHER* WHO'S INTO *VOODOO*... WHIP YOU UP A *LOVE POTION* IF YOU'RE INTERESTED --

OR YOU *COULD* JUST ASK HER *OUT*.

ASK HER OUT? ARE YOU *REALLY* THAT *STUPID?*

YOU *HELPED* GIVE ME A LITTLE *HOPE* ABOUT MY LIFE, AND I AIM TO RETURN THE *FAVOR!*

LET'S START WITH THIS *"GREAT DESIRE"* OF YOURS... WHAT IS IT? BESIDES *SKIN*, OF COURSE...

POSITIVELY *NOT*... I'M *NOT* ABOUT TO TALK ABOUT *HER* --

IT'S NOT *LIKE* THAT... I -- *YOU* DON'T EVEN *KNOW* HER!

REEEE-HEALY? THERE AIN'T BUT *ONE* WOMAN I EVER SEEN DOWN IN *YOUR* CORNER OF LL&L... THE *HOT PANTSED* AND *GOGGLED GODDESS*...

CAN YOU PICTURE *THAT WOMAN*...

...HOLDING *THIS* GNARLED HAND ON A MOONLIGHT *STROLL?*

...

NEITHER CAN *I*... AND *I'M* THE LUCKY *SOP* WHO CAN SEE THE *FUTURE*.

I'LL HAVE THAT *DRINK* NOW, *THANKS*.

BACK IN THE PILFERED DIGS...A FEW BOTTLES OF VINO LATER...

AND THEN =HIK= HE'LL DO *TITANIC TWO*, CAUSE HE NEEDS THE *MONEY* TO SHUPPORT HIS *PLASTIC SURGERY* HABIT... CAN YOU *IMAGINE* THAT?!

WAIT... [redacted] A GOOD ONE...*MIKEY JORDAN* WINSH THE *MASTERSH* IN TWO THOUSAND AND FIVE! PLACE YER =HIK= *BETSH!!*

MAN... WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I BOUGHT ALL THAT *STOCK* IN *MARVEL COMICS*? SHEESH...

KNOCK KNOCK

THIS HAD BETTER BE *ROOM SERVICE*... WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF *PILLOW MINTS* —

A-HA!

UH... *HUH?*

B-BAT-BWHAHH-HA-HAH!

WAIT... WAIT... I'M *SORRY*... =SNICKER= I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO BE ALL *INTENSE* HERE... BUT YOU USED =HEH HEH= *"POPINJAY"* IN A SENTENCE —

— AND YOU *KNOCKED!* HAAA-HAH! WHAT SORT OF *MORON* KNOCKS WHEN HE'S GONNA *AMBUSH* SOMEONE?!

ZE KIND WITH *HONOR*, SCUM!

KTHOKK

ZURPRISED, KHAN? SURELY, YOU DID NOT THINK I WOULD LET YOUR *RASCALITY* IN [redacted] CASINO GO *UNPUNISHED!*

NO... THOUGH I EXPECTED YOUR BIG *RETRIBUTION ENTRY* TO BE A LITTLE MORE... I DON'T KNOW... *INTIMIDATING* AND *OMINOUS?*

AND BY THE WAY, DON'T CALL ME *"SHIRLEY."*

FOOLISH *POPINJAY!* I HAVE NO NEED FOR SUCH *THEATRICS*... FOR I AM **BATROC**, *ZE LEAPER!*

EN GARDE!

I AIN'T INTO *SOLE FOODS*, FRENCHIE...

KISH!

ZE TASTE OF MY *BOOT* IZ *BITTER*, EH, *SWINDLER?* ESPECIALLY WHEN SERVED BY A TRUE *MASTER* OF *SAVATE KICK-BOXING!*

...BUT MAYBE A BROKEN BOTTLE OF WINE ACROSS YOUR *JUGULAR* WILL HELP WASH IT DOWN!

SUCK GLASS--

KAAK

OKAY... YOU CAUGHT ME SNOOZIN' THERE... I WAS DISTRACTED BY YOUR HIDEOUS TASTE IN COLOR SCHEMES...

BUT THAT'S IT! I SEEN DEADLIER FOOTWORK ON LORD OF THE DANCE... I BET EVEN MICHAEL FLATLEY COULD KICK YOUR --

KRAK

ERRRR

AS I SAID IN ZE CASINO, MONSIEUR... ZE UNIVERSE ALWAYS SMILES ON ZE RIGHTEOUS AND ZE DIGNIFIED...

WHIZ

FUUD

I HAD A PET FROG ONCE... HIS NAME WAS HOPPY...

I MADE A LITTLE BUCK-TOOTHED GIRL KISS HIM, AND WHEN SHE DID HE TURNED INTO A

...WHILE ZE SERVILE AND INDECENT LIKE YOURSELF, ARE MERELY PUT IN OUR LIVES FOR AMUSEMENT AND DIVERSION.

SO AZ YOU HEAR YOUR SPINE CRACK... TAKE COMFORT KNOWING YOU FULFILLED YOUR PURPOSE.

I AMUSE YOU?! ARE YOU SAYIN' I'M FUNNY LIKE A CLOWN FUNNY --?!

BRAKKA TAKKA

-- OR DO YOU MEAN FUNNY LIKE A SUCKING CHEST WOUND... FUNNY?!

SACRE RIPPIN' BLEU.

REAL "HONORABLE" OF YOU, BATTY... TAKING ON A CRIPPLE WITH AN SPF OF NEGATIVE TEN --

WHAT'S NEXT, TOUGH GUY? YOU GONNA GO GET MEDIEVAL ON VICTOR BORGES? HE'S GOTTA BE PUSHIN' NINETY --

DEADPOOL?!

YOU WERE THE ONE TO DEFILE OUR SPORT WITH THE USE OF GROSS WEAPONRY, CUR!

I AM SIMPLY ACTING AS AN AGENT OF INTEGRITY... AND BALANCING THE [redacted] BESIDES...

I ABHOR UGLY THINGS IN MY FLAT.

WHOOSH

HEEELP!

MONTY!

AAAAHH

KRASH

SIGH

I SHOULD HAVE JUST GIVEN THE LITTLE TROLL A THANK YOU CARD AND BEEN DONE WITH IT.

EST-CE QUE TULA-VU?

HORRIBLE!

JE NE PEUX PAS LE CROIRE --

OHGOD OHGOD... PLEASE DON'TBEDEADPLEASE DON'TBEDEAD --

PAUVRE HOMME!

OR IN A COMA...OR CHOKING ON YOUR SPLEEN... OR PUTTING A GYPSY SHRIVEL HEX ON ME WITH YOUR DYING BREATH...

I'M COMING, PAL! TWITCH TWICE IF YOU THINK YOUR SPINE IS SHATTERED --!

SIX PERCENT! SIX! WHOOO-HO!

UH... MONTY?

DID YOU SEE, WADE? ONLY A SIX PERCENT CHANCE OF SURVIVING A FIFTEEN STORY DROP THROUGH PLATE GLASS INTO A SWIMMING POOL --

-- AND I MADE IT!

HA! LOOK AT ME! I'M TREMBLING! MY HEART IS [redacted]ING! I HAVEN'T FELT THIS ALIVE IN DECADES!

WADE! PLUNGING THROUGH THAT WINDOW... FACE TO FACE WITH MY MORTALITY... I COULDN'T PREDICT HOW IT WAS GOING TO TURN OUT --

-- AND IN THOSE MOMENTS OF FREEFALL, I REALIZED THAT MY LIFE IS STILL PRECIOUS! NOT ONLY CAN I STILL BE SURPRISED --

-- BUT THE WORLD IS NOT PREDETERMINED, WADE! ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!

YOU FIGURED ALL THAT OUT ON THE WAY DOWN? WOW... I BARELY HAD TIME TO THINK UP AN EXCUSE FOR YOUR UNTIMELY DEMISE --

YES! AND I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR IT, WADE... THIS WHOLE INSANE DAY HAS INSPIRED ME TO TAKE CHARGE OF MY LIFE... TO TAKE CHANCES --

GOOD FOR YOU, BUD -- I'M SURE THE BLOOD'LL RUSH BACK TO YOUR BRAIN IN ANY MOMENT AND YOU'LL GO ALL MORBID AGAIN -- BUT ENJOY IT FOR NOW...

MEANTIME, NO SENSE LETTING MY PENCHANT FOR VENGEANCE GO TO WASTE JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE OKAY... BE RIGHT BACK.

YES... I'M GOING TO TAKE CHARGE... ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE...

...EVEN HOLDING HANDS WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE MOONLIGHT...

...I'M GOING TO TELL HER... I'M GOING TO TELL HER HOW I FEEL.

ZE *INDIGNITY* OF IT ALL... TO KNOW THAT *MAGGOT* WAS *ROOTING* THROUGH MY CLOTHING...

MON DIEU! IZ ZAT A HALF EATEN *HAM SANDWICH* IN MY *SOCK BIN?*

SORRY ABOUT THAT, *BABABOOIE*, BUT YOUR *UNDERWEAR* DRAWER WAS PACKED WITH *EMPTIES*...

LOVE THE *PURPLE AND ORANGE THONGS*, BY THE WAY... BEST LAUGH I HAD ALL MONTH.

INFIDEL! WE FINISH THIS *NOW!*

AWOOM

FINE BY ME. I WAS RUNNING OUT OF WAYS TO MOCK THE NAME *BATROC*...

JUST A LITTLE *TIP*, BY THE WAY...

...OPENING YOUR ATTACK WITH THE *PIPPINESQUE VERTICAL* IS VERY *DRAMATIC* AND SURE TO TURN *HEADS* THE *FIRST* TIME...

THWIPP

...BUT ALL THAT *HANG TIME* DOES IN ROUND *TWO*...

IS LEAVE YOU WIDE OPEN TO A *DISTANCE* ATTACK.

TOUCHE, PUSSYCAT.

WHUFF

NO! ZIS CANNOT BE! I —

MONSIEUR... UH, I [redacted] ZAT YOU ARE A [redacted] OF... =AHEM= *HONOR*... PERHAPS [redacted] CAN *WORK* SOMETHING OUT?

LIKE *THERAPY?! COOL!* I GO FIRST... I'M GONNA WORK OUT PENT-UP *FRUSTRATIONS* AND *LOCKER ROOM* ANXIETY!

NO

AH, THE SILENCE OF THE *FLABBERGASTED*... LET ME BREAK IT DOWN FOR YOU, *BUBBIE*...

...YOU WAKE UP IN THE A.M., *TOASTY* WITH THE *MISCONCEPTION* THAT THERE'S A UNIVERSAL *PLAN*, WHEN --

SMASH

-- YOU DISCOVER THAT THERE IS *NO ORDER*, NO *STRUCTURE*, NO... *SENSE* TO THIS WORLD OF OURS.

OURS IS A UNIVERSE WHERE A *DUCKY LAMP* CAN BE USED TO *FOIL* A *FROLICKING FRENCHMAN* --

KRAH

-- A *SHRIVELED SHUT-IN* FINDS NEW LIFE FROM A *FIFTEEN STORY* SWAN DIVE...

...OR A SMART-MOUTHED HIRED *GUNSEL* CAN BE THE NEXT *MOSES*.

FLOK

IT'S A *BITTER* PILL TO SWALLOW, BATROC, BUT THERE'S *NO* DENYIN' IT...

THIS IS *DEADPOOL'S* WORLD, BABY... THE REST OF YOUS ARE JUST *SQUATTIN'* IN IT... *CHAOS RULES.*

-HGGK-

I'LL TAKE THAT *BLOOD GURGLE* TO MEAN YOU SEE THE *WISDOM* IN MY *WIT* --

TRES *BON*, MON PETIT *BACKCRACK.*

WH-HAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO* TO ME?

...*HALF* OF MY *WINNINGS* TO PAY FOR THE ROOM *DAMAGES.* NO REASON THE *HOTEL* SHOULD SUFFER BECAUSE YOU'RE AN *INDIAN GIVER.*

AND A CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE THE SAME *TRANSFORMATIVE* EXPERIENCE THAT SET *MONTY* FREE.

JUST TRY NOT TO *SQUOOSH* ON ANYONE... I'D HATE TO RUIN SOME RICH *BUBBER BOTTOM'S* VACATION.

NO! I KICKED YOUR MAN INTO ZE *POOL!* ZERE IS NOTHING BELOW ME BUT *CONCRETE!*

I *DIDN'T NOTICE.*

OF COURSE, HE'S A PRUNE IN A *WHEELCHAIR* -- YOU ARE THE INFAMOUS *"BATROC ZE LEAPAIR!"*

LOPPING OFF YOUR *HEAD* AND USING IT FOR A *CACTUS PLANTER* IS RIGHT AT THE *TOP* OF THE LIST...

BUT THERE'S SO MUCH *LOVE* IN THIS ROOM, I'VE DECIDED TO CUT YOU A *BREAK.*

IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, MONTY MIGHT *NEVER* HAVE HAD ANY *FUN* TODAY, I *OWE* YOU FOR THAT — HERE'S YOUR *PAYBACK...*

YOU GOT A *REP* TO *DEFEND*... SO GO ON...

...s and kittens this he... ...kest hunk ... you're ...t gonna see i... ...DPOOL letters page cuz ... this funky letters pa... ...ge amalgamation an... ... want to cover up a... ...ters so we thought ...y ...on't we just write a ...nch ... fake text so that it'll ook li... we have a letter here ut it won't really be a letter so ...e won't be covering up a real ...ter just a fake letter and no ...e will be upset that we cov-ed up their real letter they'll ...t think it's funny that we wrote ...ig long fake letter that's just a ...nch of nonsense" so we hope ...u think it's funny do you think ...s funny we think it's funny so ...e hope you think it's funny cuz ...sually in the past we've done ...uff that we thought was funny ...nd when the issue came out ...u guys wrote in and told us ...u thought it was funny but ...her times we did stuff that we ...ought was funny and when the ...sue came out nobody wrote in ...nd told us they thought it was ...nny but we won't tell you ...hich stuff we thought was ...nny and you guys didn't ...ecause we want you to think ...e're always right on the ball ...ith the humor stuff and we ...on't want you to think that we ...ve a bad sense of humor cuz ...ally we do have a pretty good ...nse of humor and well at least ... crack each other up and ...er people don't always laugh ... what we think is funny and ...tually other people here at ...arvel think we have a pretty ...zarre sense of humor and that ...e need mental help but really ...e can assure ...u that we're ...uite sane an... ...n't need any ...sychiatric aid ...ause we just ...e humor in things that other ...eople might not necessarily ...e humor in (like this fake let-...rs page thing for example cuz ...ere might be certain folks out ...ere who think that this is just a ...g ol' waste of space and not ...ally funny at ...but if we think ...s funny then ... might as well ...o it cuz it ma... ...s happy and ... we stated ...er you guys ...ut there usua... ...ink what we ... is funny so t... ...all the more ...son to do it ...yway this ... probably just ... enough ...e text to fill up ...lumn so ...e End.

Deadlines,

OK. Here's my shot at a "no-prize." DEADPOOL #17, page 13 (I'm guessing here...there are no page numbers!), top panel. The word balloons are pointing to the wrong characters! Bingo. I win. Now, you may make up one of those lame-o excuses like Ajax threw his voice, but I'm not buying it. I gotcha...admit it. Hey, even Deadpool apologized for his mistake!

Kirk Nelson
Scottsdale, AZ

Wow, Kirk! You got us! Looks like a mistake, all right! However, to win one o' them there no-prize thingies, you have to explain why the mistake isn't a mistake, and make it sound believable. We don't give away stuff for nothin', dude! And since this particular mistake has now been exposed, no one else can write in to grab a no-prize off of it. Ha ha ha ha ha!

Dear *Deadlines*,

I just wanted to say a few things about DEADPOOL #17. Why do all the operatives of LL&L have red inverted triangles on their foreheads? As far as I can recall, Zoe Culloden didn't have any such marking when she appeared in WOLVERINE sometime around #80. It was great to see the "guy with the explodey head thing" again! He's the funniest! Blind Al ironing Deadpool's underwear to punish him was also funny! Joe's great at balancing humor with more serious ideas, like the dynamic between Blind Al and Deadpool. By the way, what's beef jerky?

The Mithras Directive plotline looks interesting. This issue revealed that Deadpool is going to be the herald to some alien being. I wonder, is this alien being going to be Galactus? Finally, the best moment in this issue was Deadpool's apology to Al.

Keep up the great work, guys! Make mine Marvel!

Narinder Basra, R.F.O.
nsb22@hermes.cam.ac.uk

Thanks for writing, Narinder! The red triangle thing over at LL&L is an alteration to the standard LL&L uniform started by Zoe to take people's attention away from the fact that she has really bad hair. If you liked the explodey head guy, you're in luck. We plan on having him show up from time to time.

Although the 'Poolman is indeed gonna be some alien weirdo's herald, said alien weirdo will not be Galactus. Sorry!

Oh... about that beef jerky question? Some people eat it, but as for what it actually is...? That, my friend, is one of the great mysteries of the universe. Perhaps the alien Wade is heralding for will let us know. Maybe the secret to beef jerky is the secret to world peace!! Maybe it's... oh, never mind.

Dear *Deadlines*,

I've got to tell you, DEADPOOL AND DEATH '98 was a killer, no pun intended. When I read about the impending death of my favorite mercenary, I though it was the end of my little world. (You see, I am a fan with no life whatsoever.) Although I knew that he could not disappear without every fan sending letters of protest, I was still a little apprehensive. I am now sure that Wilson will live on. Oh, let's not forget the real reason why I'm writing. I have to thank you for showing us what really happened in the workshop. I was dying to know what made Wade the merc we love. Now I know. Seeing what he saw (I mean Death), I can understand why he reacts to danger and impending destruction the way he does.

Until Deadpool joins the X-Men and becomes best buds with Wolverine, make mine Marvel!

Stiphanie Gagnon
Alian_queen@hotmail.com

We're glad you liked it, Stiphanie! We had a great time putting this year's annual together, and we hope we gave all our fans out there enough info on the Wadester's background to make you all hungry for more!

NEXT ISSUE:

THE COUNTDOWN TO "DEAD RECKONING" CONTINUES! THERE'S A MONSTER LURKING OUT THERE, AND ZOE'S LOOKIN' TO GET OUR MAIN MAN SUITED UP AND PRIMED FOR BATTLE! IF YOU REALLY WANNA SEE DEADPOOL IN THE WORST OUTFIT EVER, BE SURE TO BE HERE IN THIRTY DAYS! TRUST US, HE LOOKS LIKE A GEEK!

DEAD LINES c/o MARVEL COMICS
387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH · NEW YORK, NY 10016

E-MAIL: MAIL@MARVEL.COM
MARK E-MAIL "OKAY TO PRINT"

IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PRINTED, PLEASE LET US KNOW. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR CONTENT AND LENGTH.

FREEFALL. SCREAMS. SPLAT.

AMBULANCE. DOCTORS. DOCTOR'S BILLS.

AND...ROUGHLY TWENTY HOURS LATER...

<I TRUST THAT YOUR *UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT* WILL NOT *DISSUADE* YOU FROM STAYING WITH US AGAIN, MONSIEUR GEORGES.>

<AS YOU CAN *CLEARLY* SEE, THE HOTEL IS WELL-EQUIPPED TO FACILITATE THE NEEDS OF THE *HANDICAPPED*.>

<I AM *NOT*...*HANDI-CAPPED* —>

<— I AM... *TEMPORARILY* DISABLED. *VERY* TEMPORARILY.>

<AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU, MONSIEUR...BY ALL THAT IS *RIGHT* IN THIS UNIVERSE...I *WILL* BE *BACK*.>

I SEE MANY A *CHILLY BEDPAN* IN BATROC'S FUTURE...AND A *SIXTY* PERCENT CHANCE HE BREAKS OUT IN A *RASH* UNDER HIS CASTS.

BATHROOM HUMOR? SLOW DOWN THERE BIG BOY! YOU DON'T WANNA RUSH INTO THE *LOW-BROW* STUFF WITHOUT A *NET!*

WILSON...*WADE*, I CANNOT THANK YOU *ENOUGH* FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME...THIS HAS BEEN THE *BEST* DAY OF MY *LIFE*...

...I'LL *NEVER FORGET* THIS.

...GET OUT OF HERE ALREADY, AND TELL THAT *WOMAN* HOW YOU *FEEL*...

I *WILL*, DEADPOOL... I *WILL*.

=SNIFF= I LOVE PAINFULLY *CRIPPLING* ENDINGS... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY HAPPEN TO *OBNOXIOUS* WANNABES.

YEAH, YEAH...AND *MY* HAIRY MAN HUGS *YOUR* HAIRY MAN, TOO...

ONE BODYSLIDE LATER...

MS. CULLODEN... I'VE RECENTLY TAKEN A NEW *LEASE* ON LIFE -- NO, TOO *FORMAL*...

ZOE... HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME GET *FREAKY?*

ZOE CULLODEN

DEAR LORD... ONE DAY WITH DEADPOOL, AND I'M A *LECH*...

-SIGH- JUST SPEAK FROM YOUR *HEART*, MONTGOMERY... THAT'S ALL THAT *MATTERS*...

SHHHM

NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE CAN STOP A *NOBLE HEART* --

HELLO, MONTY...

...I TRUST YOU *ENJOYED* YOUR LITTLE *JAUNT?*

O-OVERBOSS *DIXON?!*

I AM *EXTREMELY* DISPLEASED WITH YOUR BEHAVIOR, MONTGOMERY.

WHAT?! NO! YOU *CAN'T!* YOU --

S-SIR. IT WASN'T *INTENTIONAL!* I CAN *EXPLAIN* --

THERE IS *NO ACCEPTABLE* EXPLANATION. GENTLEMEN... YOUR *PATIENT* AWAITS... WIPE HIM *CLEAN.* A *FORTY-EIGHT HOUR* INCREMENT SHOULD DO IT --

YOU ARE *PROPERTY*, MONTY... *MY* PROPERTY... AND I CAN DO *WHATEVER* I *PLEASE.*

NO! *PLEASE* DON'T ERASE IT! *DON'T* ERASE IT!

SLAMM

PLEEEASE!

NEXT: *RUMBLINGS OF TOMORROW!*

Just 2 more issues till DEAD RECKONING!